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ISTORIC MUSE

ON

OUNT

AC GREGOR

ONE OF THE ADIRONDACKS,

Sylvester.



LOOKING TOWARDS SARATOGA LAKE.

THE HISTORIC MUSE

ON

ONE OF THE

ADIRONDACKS

NEAR SARATOGA,

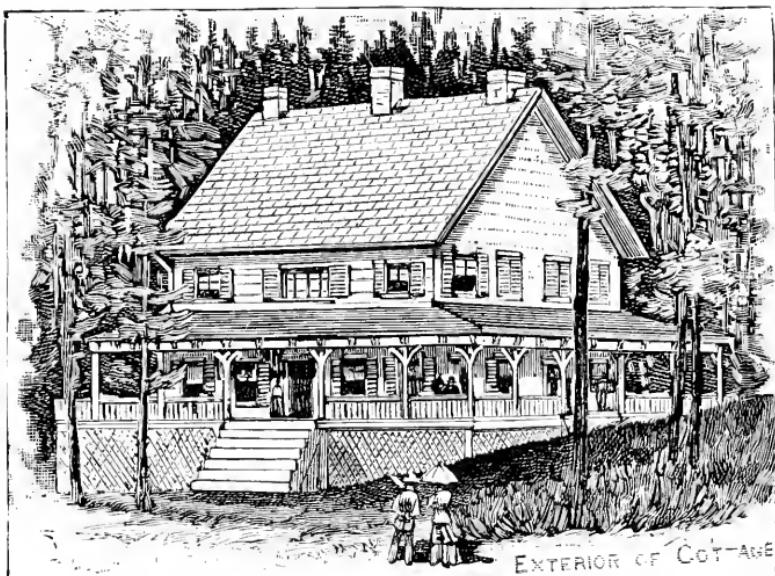
BY

"CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SARATOGA, AND AUTHOR
OF HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF NORTHERN NEW YORK AND THE ADIRONDACK
WILDERNESS; A HISTORY OF SARATOGA COUNTY; A HISTORY OF
RENSSELAER COUNTY; A HISTORY OF ULSTER COUNTY;
AND A HISTORY OF THE CONNECTICUT
VALLEY, IN MASS., ETC.

*While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!*

—Sir Walter Scott

TROY, N. Y.:
N. B. SYLVESTER.
1885.



EXTERIOR OF COTTAGE

THE DREXEL COTTAGE,

MT. MAC GREGOR,

RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GRANT.

THE HISTORIC MUSE
ON
MOUNT MAC GREGOR.

LEAVE me to gaze at the landscape,
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play—
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And, melted as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire.

—*W. W. Story.*

I.

MOUNT MAC GREGOR is one of the peaks of an Adirondack range of the old Laurentian mountain system. It is situated in a sharp bend of the Hudson river, about ten miles to the north of the village of Saratoga Springs. It rises to the height of nearly thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea and is the highest peak south of the Hudson of the Palmertown range of the Adirondacks.

On the Atlantic slope of the North American continent two vast mountain systems lie contiguous—the Appalachian to the east and south and the Canadian Laurentian to the north.

These two mountain systems differ radically both as to form and geologic structure.

The great Appalachian mountain system, divided into numberless ranges, extends along from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles inland parallel with the Atlantic coast line from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south.

Between the city of Troy and the Atlantic seaboard the mighty Chasm of the Lower Hudson breaks through this great Appalachian mountain system and rends its towering masses in twain from top to bottom. Up through this chasm the ocean's tide ebbs and flows through the river's channel, here, as it were, an arm of the sea, for the distance of one hundred and fifty miles until its waves almost wash the foothills of the Adirondacks.

The Canadian Laurentian mountain system stretches from the coast of Labrador up along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence river to the vicinity of the upper lakes and fills the vast inhospitable region of the Saguenay, of the Upper Ottawa and of the Lower Saskatchewan, to the southern shore of Hudson's Bay, with its rugged mountain masses of hard crystalline rocks.

At one place only do the Laurentides cross the River St. Lawrence. That place is at the Thousand Islands. There a spur of these mountains crosses into Northern New York, carrying with them into the great Adirondack Wilderness all the grim and rugged characteristics of their wild Canadian home.

After, by its broken and rugged character, forming the Thousand Islands in crossing the St. Lawrence, this spur of the Laurentides spreads over and forms the rocky groundwork of the whole Wilderness region, and centrally rises into lofty mountain peaks, which tower above thousands of gleaming lakes, and countless mountain meadows.

Across the south-eastern part of the great Adirondack region the mountain belt extends divided into five stupendous mountain ranges. These ranges lie about eight miles apart, and are mostly separated by well defined intervening valleys.

The most easterly range is the Palmertown or Luzerne range, in which Mount Mac Gregor occurs. The next westerly is the Kayadrossera range. This range fills up the western horizon at Saratoga Springs with its forest-crowned summits, and is separated from Mount Mac Gregor by the valley of Greenfield and Corinth, through which runs the Adirondack railroad. Further to the north-west the mountains rise higher and higher in the Schroon, and in the Boquet ranges, until they culminate in the mighty Adirondack range proper, four of whose peaks tower upwards more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Palmertown range of the Adirondack mountains, of which Mount Mac Gregor forms a part, begins on Lake Champlain in the heights of Mount Defiance, at Ticonderoga. From thence it extends south-westerly along both sides of Lake George, where French Mountain is one of its highest peaks.

From the head of Lake George this range stretches still southerly, across the Hudson near Glens Falls, and reaching toward Saratoga Springs, ends in the low, bare, rounded hills called Miller's Rocks, on the northern border of Woodlawn Park.

WESTERN OUTLOOK.

From the western outlook on Mount Mac Gregor the visitor obtains a view of two or three of the higher and more western Adirondack ranges. Looking across the beautiful valley of Greenfield and Corinth, which lies sleep-

ing at his feet, he sees in the nearer view the high forest-crowned ridge of the Kayadrossera range, filling up all the south-western horizon, while further to the north-west the towering peaks of the more distant Schroon and Boquet ranges seem to pierce the clouds.

Wonderful are the hues and tints and shades of color which these forest-crowned mountains, seen from Mount Mac Gregor, assume with the varying seasons of the year, and with the daily changes of the weather, as the sky alternately becomes clear and bright, or overcast and dark. Sometimes the air is so pure and clear after a storm has passed over them that all the rugged mountain masses stand out so sharply defined and seem so near that one fancies that human voices could be plainly heard from the furthest of them. Then again they are all mantled with the matchless soft blue haze called mountain smoke, which is that dim impalpable but lovely illusion and semblance of a color, that indescribable appearance of the fleeting, the vanishing and the spiritual, which can be seen no where else in nature's realm but among high mountain ranges.

GEOLOGIC OUTLINES.

To the student of geology the region of Mount Mac Gregor and Saratoga is of the most absorbing interest.

The old Laurentian rocks of the Adirondack ranges are the very foundation stones, so to speak, of our habitable globe. Their granitic and gneissoid strata, broken here and there by basaltic upheavals, constitute the oldest known rocks of the earth's crust.

Ages upon ages, before the sandstones and limestones of the Silurian age were deposited in the shallow Primordial sea which once washed their base these hard crystalline

rocks, forming the old Adirondack mountain peaks, slowly rose above the waters of the primeval ocean into the steaming atmosphere and misty sunshine of the newly forming earth.

Ages again elapse, until the beetling crags of these old crystalline rocks, worn by the fierce war of the elements, partially crumble into shifting sands.

During other ages these loose sands, washed by descending streams into the shallow sea, at last settle into regular strata and form the first series of the sandstones of the Lower Silurian age.

Thus at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor the young geologist of to-day stands upon what was once the shore of a vast ocean, which covered the whole continent of North America, save the old highlands of the Canadian Laurentides, a spur of which forms the groundwork of the Adirondack wilderness.

Such is a meagre outline of the explanation which science now attempts to give of the geology of this region.

From another point of view this region is of great interest to the student of geology. American geology derives much of its scientific nomenclature from the conformation and structure of the rocky strata underlying the state of New York. Nowhere else are so many rocky strata found in due position and piled up in their regular order, one above the other, just as they were laid down through the long creeping centuries of the early geologic periods as in Northern New York.

Thus at Mount Mac Gregor, and at Miller's Rocks, and in other places in the near vicinity of Saratoga Springs, can be seen the Laurentian granite, gneiss, and syenite which represent the Azoic age. Lying above these, in due con-

formity, can be seen in some places the Potsdam sand-stones and the Calciferous sand-rocks of the primordial period of the Lower Silurian age. Then above these last, in regular gradation, rise the limestones and shales of the Trenton period of the Silurian age.

Here then, near Saratoga, the door opens upon the earliest dawn of the earth's geologic ages.

The man of science enters this opening door with awe and wonder.

Among the minerals found in the old Laurentian rocks, near Saratoga, besides the garnet and the tourmaline, is that rare and beautiful gem, the chrysoberyl, lighting up the dark rocks with its gleaming opalescent lustre.

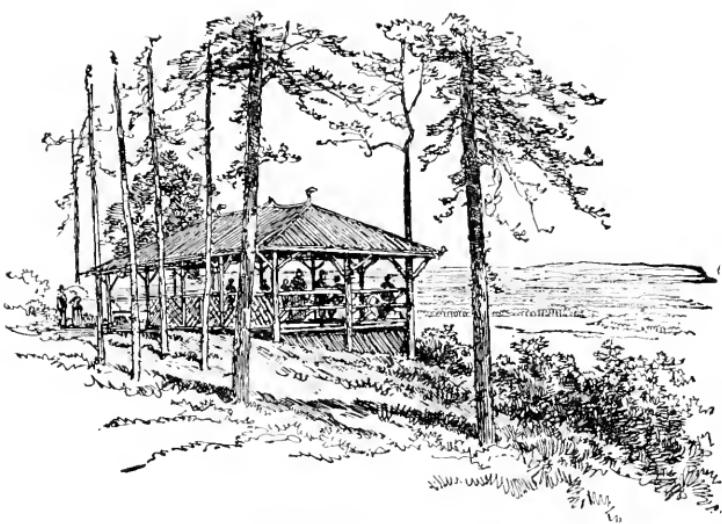
A RAILROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

In the early annals of the region, what is now called Mount Mac Gregor, was long known at the "Palmertown Mountain," and the postoffice in the little village of Wilton, at its foot, was known as "Palmertown."

Before the French and Indian wars were over, an Algonquin Indian band came and settled in a village on the plain at the foot of this mountain. They were called the "Palmertown Indians," hence the name of this mountain, and from it the name of the mountain range.

A few years since, its then proprietor, Duncan Mac Gregor, bought this mountain, laid out and graded a winding carriage road thereon, which rendered its summit of easy access.

But since then the spirit of modern life and progress has invaded the quiet shades of Mount Mac Gregor. Already a railway has been built and equipped, leading from North Broadway, at Saratoga Springs, northward, and following



EASTERN OUTLOOK.

the base of the mountain range to the top of Mount Mac Gregor.

This railway is of narrow gauge, and is ten and one-half miles in length.

Work was begun on this railway on the 17th day of March, 1882, and on the 17th day of July following it was formally opened to the public with appropriate ceremonies. The moving spirit in the enterprise was W. J. Arkell, of Canajoharie, who is the vice-president of the corporation.

Mr. Mac Gregor built a comfortable little hostelry on the summit of the mountain, which afforded ample accommodations for visitors. But this has since been superceded by a large and elegant hotel—the “Hotel Balmoral.”

Being now so easily accessible Mount Mac Gregor has become one of the chief attractions of the great watering place.

II.

From the “Eastern Outlook” of Mount Mac Gregor the eye wanders over the broad valley of the Upper Hudson from the Adirondacks on the north to the Taghkanies on the south. In its broadly undulating sweep of wooded hills and shining waters this, the ancient home of the Mohicans, is the fairest land in all the New World.

The Hudson River is the child of the mountain belt of the Adirondack wilderness. Its source-fountains are cradled on the lofty summit of Mount Marcy and on the shaggy sides of the awful gorges of the Indain Pass, the Panther Gorge and the Gorge of the Dial. The Hudson breaks through the Palmertown range at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor, and from thence wanders through a wider valley. From the summit of Mount Mac Gregor, overlooking this

wide upper valley of the Hudson, a living, moving, acting panorama of striking historic characters and events, could have been seen by an observer, had one been there, reaching through a period of two hundred and fifty years.

The rounded summit of Mount Mac Gregor, forest-crowned, invites us by its cooling shade and attracts us by that deep sense of repose which nature offers those who love her, and to them only, when in their weary moments they seek her ministrations on the mountain top, or in the desert wilderness far away from the haunts of men.

And when one is on this mountain top how pleasant it is to linger there, standing on the eternal granite which forms the first link in the long procession of the slowly creeping geologic ages through which our earth has passed from birth to bloom, viewing by day the bright processions of birds and flowers as they come and go each in the appointed season, and by night the eternal procession of the star depths. But more interesting than all these is that procession which appeals directly to our sympathies—the long procession of historic characters who from the earliest times trod with bleeding feet the war-worn pathway of the great northern valley which stretches along at the very foot of Mount Mac Gregor.

Let us imagine that some sturdy voyager to the New World, in the opening years of the seventeenth century, had drunk of Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of Bimini and becoming thereby endowed with the vigor of eternal youth, was, in the month of June, in the year 1609, standing at "Point Lookout," on the eastern brow of Mount Mac Gregor, with the intent of watching the tide of human travel as it should ebb and flow up and down the great northern valley through the slowly passing centuries then to come.

But before the long procession of historic characters begins its stately march along the old wilderness trail let us, for a moment, look abroad and see what is going on in the world as our observer first steps upon the granite rock of Mount Mae Gregor to begin his long vigils in that leafy June of 1609.

It was just after "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" were over, for James I., the first of the Stuart kings, had been but six years on England's throne, and Henry IV. of France, the first of the Bourbon line, was in the last year of his reign. The vast and splendid monarchy of Spain, founded by the union of Ferdinand and Isabella but a little more than a hundred years before, enriched by the spoils of Mexico and Peru, and whose magnificence and power had culminated under Philip II., the ruler of half of Europe, was now under the imbecile rule of Philip IV., already hastening to dismemberment and decay, while the haughty house of Hohenzollern had just received from the King of Poland the investiture of the duchy of Prussia, and had as yet shown no sign of the mighty empire over which that house now holds majestic sway.

The grotesque characters of the old Passion Plays—the Mysteries, Miracles and Moralities of the Middle Ages were stalking fantastically across the English stage. Shakespeare, at forty-five, had just finished his "Antony and Cleopatra," and all Spain was shaking its sides over the immortal "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, then a literary venture of only three years standing. Milton was but a child six months old, playing in his mother's arms, and it was fourteen years before the birth of Moliere.

MOHAWKS ON THE WARPATH.

Had such an observer during that early summer month been standing on Mount Mac Gregor he might have seen on some dewy morning or sultry noon two hundred Mohawk warriors treading with noiseless step the old Indian trail which ran along the sandy plain at the mountain's base on their journey northward.

This old trail, which ran at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor, led from the Indian castles in the Mohawk valley, over the Kayaderossera mountain range near Lake Desolation, thence eastward along the Greenfield hills crossing the Palmerton range, near what is now known as the old Stiles tavern, and thence northward along the head of Lake George, passing in its course near the foot of Mount Mac Gregor and crossing the Hudson near what is now the village of Glens Falls.

These warriors of the Mohawk band, painted and plumed and armed with bows and arrows and battle-axes were on the war-path. They were the dreaded hereditary foes of the Algonquin tribes of the St. Lawrence valley. But this time they met more than their match. The Algonquins were also on the war-path, and with them came their new ally, Samuel de Champlain. As the reader knows the Iroquois band fled in terror from their encounter with Champlain, a disordered horde, and retreated along the trail which passed Mount Mac Gregor to their castles on the Mohawk.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

And it was many a year before our observer on "Point Lookout" could have seen another Indian band pass along the trail at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor. But the reader

will remember that our observer can wait long. He has drunk of the fountain of eternal youth.

At length, in the year of 1642, after Nature, always aggressive, had, with her luxuriant vegetation, almost obliterated the old pathway, our observer might have seen another Indian band approaching Mount Mac Gregor, this time from the north.

Perhaps this band will halt at the very foot of the mountain and light their evening camp-fire. But what strange figures have these wild Indians with them? They have white captives, bound, tortured, maimed and bleeding. These white men are Father Isaac Jogues, the discoverer of Lake George, and his two companions, Rene Goupil and Guillame Coutre, whom this savage Iroquois band had taken prisoners on the second day of August of that year, upon the expansion of the St. Lawrence called Lake St. Peter. The reader will remember that this band took Father Jogues to the Mohawk country, and held him captive till he escaped in the year 1643. Again in 1646 Father Jogues passed over this old trail on his way to the Mohawk country. While on his way this time Father Jogues reached the beautiful lake on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, and in honor of the day he named it the "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament." This name it bore until the year 1755, when Sir William Johnson changed it to Lake George, in honor of the English king.

GENERAL DE TRACY.

But the Thirty Years' War in Europe was ended by the peace of Westphalia in the year 1648, and again our observer must wait for a period of thirty years. But in the autumn of the year 1666 his watchful vigilance is rewarded

by the sight of a splendid military pageant winding its way along the old war trail at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor. It is the cavalcade of the Marquis de Tracy, Lieutenant-General, and M. de Courcelle, Governor of Canada, who were on their way to chastise the insolent Mohawks. This band, thirteen hundred strong, is made up of Indians, French *habitans* and six companies of the Regiment *Carignan Salieres*, "the bronzed veterans of the Turkish wars." Here were de Tracy and Courcelle with the Chevalier de Chaumont; here was the Colonel M. de Salieres with his captains the Sieur de Sorel, the Sieur Chambly and the Sieur de La Mothe; here were the men dragging their two pieces of cannon "over slippery logs, tangled roots and oozy mosses." "It seems to them," writes Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, in her letter of the 16th of October, 1666, "that they are going to lay seige to Paradise, and win it and enter in, because they are fighting for religion and the faith."

After the return of this little army in triumph, over the old trail, no more Mohawks are to be seen on the war-path for twenty years.

KING PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

In the meantime, however, during the winter of 1675-6 bands of strange Indian hunters frequent the forest shades near Mount Mac Gregor. They are plainly of Algonquin speech and lineage. It was during this winter that King Philip of Pokanoket with his trusty warriors of the Connecticut valley tribes, the *Pa-com-tucks*, the *Non-o-tucks*, the *Ag-a-wams* and *Squak-keags*, occupied for the time being that part of the old Mohawk hunting grounds which lies along the Hudson above and below Old Saratoga. The

winter of 1675-6 was very severe and the snow deep. In February a heavy thaw came and the Mohawks drove the intruders back.

After the tragic death of Philip, during the coming summer, a straggling band of his followers returned to their camping-ground on the Hudson, and settling at the mouth of the Hoosac river were henceforth known as the *Schaghticokees*.

III.

The English Revolution of 1688, which virtually ended the Stuart dynasty and elevated William of Orange and Mary of England to the British throne, and which was in so many ways beneficial in its effects upon England, involved serious consequences to the dependencies of the British crown. Although bloodless in England it resulted in the battle of Boyne Water in the summer of 1690, the bitter animosities of which then engendered still linger in the breasts of Irishmen, and it brought about the cruel massacres at the burning of Schenectady by the French and Indians in the winter of the same year, which was the beginning of seventy long years of colonial warfare in the depths of the old blood-stained wilderness.

Of many of the most important events of these seventy years of French and Indian warfare, waged against the frontier English settlements, our observer on Mount Mac Gregor could have seen the actors as they trod the old war-trail which led up and down the great northern valley.

Doubtless with his eagle eye he could have seen Sieurs Mantet and Sainte Helene with their sturdy followers striding on snow shoes over the vast fields of the frozen waste on their way to the sacking and burning of Schenectady.

He could have seen each man with the hood of his blanket coat drawn over his head, his gun in his mittenend hand, a hatchet, a knife, a bullet pouch and a tobacco pouch at his belt, his pipe in a leather case, hung at his neck, as he wearily dragged his blanket and store of provisions on an Indian sledge, called a toboggan, over the snow for hundreds of miles through the desolate winter forest.

Perhaps this band of Canadian *noblesse* and *coureurs de bois* with their Indian allies, numbering in all some two hundred and fifty souls, halted for the night on the plain near the foot of Mount Mac Gregor. They had been eight days in the bitter cold before they reached the Hudson, and now a thaw had come on and made the progress so slow and painful that it took them nine days more to reach Schenectady, and so they halted for one night at least, near our observer. At the close of the short winter afternoon he might have seen them in squads of eight or ten digging away the deep snow from the little spots of ground where they could kindle their camp-fires.

What think you my fair and gentle friends of the Saratoga Snow-Shoe and Toboggan Clubs, of such an expedition as that was, sent by Count Frontenac, in the winter of 1690?

But it will not do to linger too long with our snow-shoe and toboggan travelers, for somebody else is coming soon.

GEN. FITZ JOHN WINTHROP.

At length the early spring of 1690 broke bright and warm in the old wilderness. Summer advanced and with it came toiling up the war-worn valley, Gen. Fitz John Winthrop, with his Connecticut troops—a little over eight hundred men. This was the first of those military expeditions that were undertaken upon a large scale by



LAKE ANNA.

Great Britain and the American colonies for the conquest of Canada. Our observer will tire of the measured tramp of armed men up and down the valley, will tire of blood-dyed streams and of wild mountain meadows filled with nameless new-made graves before these seventy years of French and Indian wars are over.

THE BATTLE OF THE GREENFIELD HILLS.

But nearer to our mountain comes the tide of war. In the depth of the winter of 1693, another band of men on snow-shoes, and with toboggans, passed down the valley at the foot of Mount Mac Gregor, on their way to the Mohawk country. This band was commanded by three tried leaders, Sieurs Mantet, Courtemanche and La Noue. It was made up of one hundred picked soldiers of the line, and a large number of Canadians and Indians from the missions—Iroquois, Abenakis and Hurons. All told they mustered six hundred and twenty-five men. On their return from the Mohawk valley, where they had burned and plundered the three principal villages of the Iroquois, they were pursued by Major Peter Schuyler, of Albany, at the head of six hundred whites and Indians, across the Greenfield hills. Two or three miles to the south of Mount Mac Gregor is a mountain pass through which the old trail runs across the range. As the French on their homeward journey reached this pass, they halted for three days on a plain that is near what is now known as the Stiles tavern. Here trees were hewn down and a fort quickly made, after the Indian fashion, by encircling the camp with a high abatis of trunks and branches. At length Major Schuyler, with his hastily mustered band of armed settlers and Oneida Indians, in all about six hundred strong, following the trail, came in

sight of the French fortified camp. The forest rang with the war-whoop, and the Oneidas at once set to work to entrench themselves with felled trees. The French marched out to dislodge them. Their attack was fierce, but it was as fiercely resisted by Major Schuyler's band, and the wild combat was long and bloody. Three times the French renewed the attack in vain until darkness closed upon the scene. All night long the hostile bands watched each other from behind their forest ramparts. The morning was dark and a blinding snow storm was raging. The English were without food and could advance no further till supplies came. Taking advantage of the storm the French retreated unseen, and passing over the trail at the very foot of Mount Mac Gregor, reached the Hudson and crossed it just as their pursuers, who in the meantime had been supplied with food, reached its banks. The French crossed on a cake of ice then lodged in the stream. As the English reached the shore, the ice floated away and left nothing but the angry flood of swollen waters between them and the escaping fugitives. The French left thirty of their dead on the field and carried off a large number of wounded.

And so the bloody wilderness warfare raged until the peace of Ryswick (1697) put an end to the contest.

QUEEN ANNE'S WAR.

In the year 1700, the war of the Spanish Succession broke out in Europe. During this war the bloody contest was renewed in the old northern valley. In 1709 Gen. Nicholson marched up the valley and built forts at old Saratoga, at Fort Edward and Fort Ann, on his fruitless expedition of that year against Canada. In 1713 the treaty

of Eutrecht put an end to the war in Europe and there was peace in the old northern valley for thirty years.

GRAY-LOCK.

But during this long peace the French were not idle. About the year 1722 war broke out afresh between the New England people and the Indian allies of the French. The leader in this war was a Sachem called Gray-Lock—from the color of his hair. Before King Philip's war Gray-Lock, who was a *Wo-ro-noak*, lived at Westfield, Mass., the ancient seat of his tribe. Upon the death of Philip, Gray-Lock fled with a remnant of his people to Missisquoi Bay, at the foot of Lake Champlain. From his retreat our observer, with the eagle eye, could often have seen him on the war-path which led down the Hudson and up the Hoosac river. At the head-waters of the Hoosac river rises the lofty mountain which still bears the name of Gray-Lock the last of the *Wo-ro-noaks*.

THE BURNING OF OLD SARATOGA.

In 1740 the war of the Austrian Succession again set Europe all ablaze, and again the old war trail was alive with armed warriors. From his secure retreat upon our mountain top our observer might have seen in the chill November of the year 1745 the midnight sky lighted up by the flames of burning Saratoga (Schuylerville). He might have seen during the following bloody years more than thirty war parties sweep down from Fort St. Frederick at Crown Point upon the settlers of Saratoga and Rensselaer counties.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

The seven years of peace were followed by the Seven Years' War of European annals, during which the old

northern valley was filled with the tramp of vast armies. In 1755 our observer could have seen Sir William Johnson at the head of his army marching to Lake George. With him was Col. Ephraim Williams and his regiment, the flower of old Hampshire county, Mass. In the following year came General Winslow's and General Abercrombie's tramping thousands, marching to defeat and death. This was followed in the year 1759 by General Amherst's victorious legions, the triumph of Wolfe at Quebec, and the blessed peace of Paris in 1763, which forever ended the old French and Indian Wars.

THE PEACE OF 1763.

And now a new era dawns in the old northern valley. The Indian warrior has departed to return no more. A new race of men have come to people the wilderness.

From his height on Mount Mac Gregor our observer could have seen in many a spot near by the little opening clearings in which the settlers built their first rude homes. He could see in these little clearings the father planting corn among the blackened logs of the fallow—the mother in the single room of their humble log dwelling, surrounded by her infant children, plying her daily toil.

And let us see who a few of these settlers were who built their homes so near the foot of Mount Mac Gregor.

There was Hugh Munro, who came about the year 1664 to what is now Gansevoort, and built a saw-mill on the creek. And there were the Jussups who came on later than Munro, and built a road from Fort Miller across the plain and around the foot of Mount Mac Gregor to their would-be baronial seat further up the river, at what is now Luzerne. And a year or two after Sir William Johnson's

visit to the High Rock spring, which was made in 1767, Mr. Johannes Glen built his road through the woods from Schenectady past Saratoga Springs to his two thousand acre patent at what is now South Glens Falls. And about the year 1765 the Brisbins and the Payns, the Vandenburgs and Vandewerkers, the Parks and the Bitelys and the Perrys all settled between Mount Mac Gregor and the Hudson.

THE "ASKEW LINE."

About the year 1769 the Kayaderosseras Patent was run out, and the surveyors in tracing the southerly *askew* line of the 22d allotment crossed the top of Mount Mac Gregor. This line can to-day be traced by an observer, on the eastern outlook, being marked by the bushes which have sprung up along the fences as it stretches off from the mountain side in a northeasterly course. It is not straight for having been run by the magnetic needle it shows the earth's curvature.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

And during all this long historic period there was a towering pine—a monarch of the ancient forest standing on the top of Mount Mac Gregor, which was a land-mark to all those who journeyed up and down the valley. Nothing but its stump now remains.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

But there were two families that settled on the west bank of the Hudson before the Revolution, the smoke of whose cabins our observer on Mount Mac Gregor could have seen curling above the tops of the ancient wilderness. These were the Joneses and the McCreas. They came from New Jersey. The widow Jones, with her six sons, settled

at what is now called the Rogers place, and John McCrea and his sister Jeannie, a few miles below in the Payn neighborhood. The part which David Jones and Jeannie McCrea took in the Burgoyne campaign of 1777, is too familiar to the reader to bear repetition here.

From his height on Mount Mac Gregor our observer could, with his eagle eye, have seen the frightened settlers fleeing down the valley at the approach of Burgoyne's army; he could have seen Jeannie on the eve of the fatal day cross the river by the old Jones ferry to meet her lover; he could have seen her on the noon of that July Sunday driven to her death by the merciless savages, and he could have seen her hasty, new-made grave by the rippling blood-dyed stream.

THE PEACE OF 1783.

At length the fierce fratricidal war is over and peace once more spreads her white wings over the war-worn valley. Yet our observer is still at his post on Mount Mac Gregor.

Again the old inhabitants are mostly gone, and once more a new race comes to people the wilderness. Little hamlets spring up in Wilton, in Moreau and in Northumberland. These little hamlets are for awhile, and up to the year 1800, the centers of population in the valley. Before the year 1794 the settlers at Saratoga Springs went northward to do their shopping with the merchants of Wilton and Northumberland. Early in the century, also, in Wilton and Northumberland, prominent lawyers and physicians settled in full view of our observer, and the old wilderness so often trod by hostile feet began to "bud and blossom as doth the rose."

And to-day, to the thoughtful visitor from the great watering place, as he stands on Mount Mac Gregor, our observer is still there, for he is the Genius of History, endowed with immortal youth.

IV.

On the bare summit of "Old Whiteface," one of the highest peaks of the towering mountains of the old Adirondack range, some enthusiastic lover of the magnificent in nature, has cut with reverent chisel, deep into the bare surface of the everlasting rock, these eloquent words from Howitt's "Book of the Seasons,"—

" THANKS BE TO GOD FOR THE MOUNTAINS."

And the many thousands of summer tourists and pleasure-seekers who annually visit Saratoga, have not only the village itself, with its magnificent buildings rising with columned arch and castellated tower in fairy like proportions amid its shady streets, its verdant lawns and bubbling fountains; they not only have Congress Spring Park, which in its numerous attractions, combines the sweet repose of nature with the fairest charms of art; not only Saratoga Lake, the Race Course, and Judge Hilton's Woodlawn Park, already budding into rare artistic beauty, to interest them, but they can also look northward, and within easy morning ride climb the rugged brow of Mount Mac Gregor, and as they stand upon its summit they can view the whole upper valley of the Hudson, teeming with its countless historic memories; they can breath there the pure invigorating air fresh from the Great Wilderness, and while gazing upon the splendid scene there spread before them, they too, with the sweet poet of Nature, can appreciatively say, "Thanks be to God for the mountains."

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| Dr. James Cary Thomas, 317 Madison Ave., | Baltimore |
| Mr. James Whitall, 410 Race St., Philadelphia, | Residence, Germantown |
| Rev. Joseph Carey, D. D., Rector Bethesda Episcopal Church, | Saratoga |
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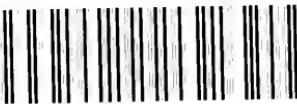
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